

## The three times Mike Wheeler faced jealousy by lovelysarcastic

**Series:** Mike and Eleven face jealousy [2]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Fluff and Angst

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Original Characters, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-20

**Updated:** 2017-11-20

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 04:54:51

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 7,413

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“I... I don't know how to handle it, the jealousy. I... I'm always so sure you are going to leave me that I don't think straight or calm myself down before jumping to conclusions and-“

“Mike.”

## The three times Mike Wheeler faced jealousy

### Author's Note:

I don't know what this is, but two people commented "The Three Times Eleven faced Jealousy" asking for a Mike's version of it and I just got inspired???

I haven't proofread it. I wanted to share this with you guys so bad that I just finished writing it and here it goes, so... if there are any grammar mistakes or incoherence with the first one-shot, I apologize!

For some reason, it went a bit angsty. I don't know why I am always like this.

I hope you guys enjoy it.

Mike Wheeler had been the family's sweetheart, always given everyone's attention, until Holly was born. He hadn't minded giving up his title for his new-born sister since he had grown tired of being suffocated by his mother and aunts. Getting rid of his *I'm-the-sweet-child-of-Karen-and-Ted* had been a relief

Since then, he kind of laid in the back. And he liked that; he liked not having the attention. Even when it came to group school projects, he preferred it when it was Lucas or Dustin who showed off their science invention rather than being him. Yeah, he was the leader of the group, but that didn't mean he had to be the talkative one too. He liked when shy Will had attention, or when girls noticed Dustin (even though there wasn't one noticing Mike), or when Lucas got to step into the spotlight and show everyone he was as smart as the rest of the party.

Yet (because, of course, there was going to be a 'yet'), something changed.

After he met Eleven, the telekinesis girl, on that rainy night of November, 7<sup>th</sup>, 1983, Mike Wheeler started enjoying someone's attention on him. Her attention. Of course, Lucas and Dustin noticed

and made fun of Mike for wanting the shaved-head girl's eyes only to himself. But the jokes didn't last long as Eleven vanished into thin air to save them from the demogorgon.

The year that went by without her had been rough for Mike, who was sure she was still out there and that, one day, she would return.

One year later, she did. And he ran, scared, because he thought she had been a trick of his imagination. But things got sorted out. He promised Eleven a thousand things and was keen on keeping each one of them.

If you knew Mike Wheeler, you knew that sometimes he would explode: out of anger, out of sadness, out of frustration. He could shout at people because they were being idiots and he couldn't handle it anymore. Yeah, sometimes he would do that. But he almost never did it out of jealousy.

That changed when he was sixteen and had to watch another boy asking Eleven out on a date and her answering with a yes.

She said yes.

Eleven was going on a date with another guy.

"Eleven is going on a date with Brandon freaking Matthews," Dustin announced even though all of them had watched the scene unfold right in front of them, and then saw how fast Eleven had walked to their table, grabbed Max and then left to the girls' bathroom. "Brandon Matthews, guys, that's-"

"We know who he is, Dustin," Lucas interrupted, bored, playing around with his food. The rice was disgusting. "He's in the basketball team. He's cute, according to girls. He's smart. He is a romantic. Blah, blah blah."

"How do we know he is a romantic?" Wilk inquired, confused.

"Girls talk too much," Lucas answered and took a bit of the steak. He made a face. "This food is disgusting. Hey Mike, are you going to finish your sand- Mike?"

Mike was glaring at Brandon Matthews, who had now returned to his table. He was surrounded by all the cool people in school, all of them patting him on the back, congratulating him for getting a date with Jane Hopper.

Jane Hopper, the adopted daughter of Hawkins Chief of Police. A tricky girl to get, really. Always surrounded by nerds, never trusting anyone outside those five people. Sometimes seen talking to Nancy Wheeler or Steve Harrington, which, somehow, made her look cool, but not the rest of the gang. She was a cute girl. Mike had heard the whispers around school after she enrolled last year. With her curly hair and big, brown eyes. Even her nose was adorable. Of course, people – by that, Mike meant guys – noticed her. But no one had ever tried to ask her out before. Until Brandon Matthews got the guts to do it and, for some reason, Eleven had said yes.

Why, but why did she say yes?!

“We can go spy on her,” Dustin suggested, two afternoons before Eleven had the date. Until that moment, they had been pretending to study in Mike’s basement.

“Why?” Lucas asked.

“We are not doing that!” Will exclaimed, feeling offended by the not present girl.

“We could do that,” Max snickered. “I would die seeing Brandon’s face when we showed up at the restaurant.”

Mike’s ears perked up.

“Wait, you know where they are going to be?” He asked Max.

Max was quiet for a second, judging Mike’s facial expression. Then, she shrugged and confirmed it.

“Maybe we can go,” Mike stated. The all gang looked at him, surprised. “To, you know, check on her. What if Brandon tries to do something?”

“Eleven can handle herself,” Will reminded him.

“Yeah, she has literally faced demogorgons,” Lucas added.

“Yes, but—” Mike didn’t know what arguments to use. He needed to be there, he needed to see Eleven interact with Brandon, and know he wasn’t been replaced. He wanted her attention back at him because, truth be told, since agreeing to go out with Brandon Matthews, Eleven had barely spent time with Mike.

“Wait, are- are you jealous, Wheeler?” Max was the first one to ask, not the first one to notice, of course, since all the other three boys knew Mike from inside out.

Mike looked away, refusing to answer.

He wasn’t jealous. Eleven was living her well-deserved teenager life. She could do what ever she wanted, with whoever she wanted. Mike was no one to stop her or feel jealous about it.

He was just the nerd that had saved her from the rain one cold night.

Suddenly, Mike remembered the date. In two days, when Eleven was going to be having the date with Brandon, it would be November, 7<sup>th</sup>. Four years since they first met. And she would be spending it with the school’s best basketball player.

Fuck this.

Mike stood up and ran up the stairs, closing the door to the basement with a loud bang.

The boys and Max shared a long, worried look.

“Well,” Lucas started, “I guess we’ll be spying on El’s date.”

Was it rude? Yeah, sure.

But they knew Eleven. They knew how she acted towards Mike. They knew she had a bit of jealousy-problem when it came to Mike. Agreeing to go on a date with Brandon Matthews was super weird, so, at least, they could go and check on her. She wouldn’t be mad at them. Friends protected each other.

“Damn. Is he taking El to a fancy place?” Dustin asked as Max guided them on her skateboard (they were on their bikes behind her) to a fancier side of the town.

“He’s kind rich,” Will told them. “At least, I’ve heard that.”

“We all have heard a lot about Matthews,” Mike grumbled.

Brandon Matthews was a star because he was genuinely a nice person even though everyone assumed he would grow up to be a jackass. That was what upset Mike the most: he couldn’t compete against a nice guy who had it all. Brandon had a functional, loving family, unlike Mike’s parents who basically hated each other; Brandon had great grades, something that Mike had as well, so ‘being smarter than the other guy’ couldn’t be used as a pro to win Eleven’s attention; Brandon had looks, something that Mike was a hundred per cent sure he was lacking ; Brandon had money to take Eleven wherever she wanted, Mike... Mike had to look for summer jobs because he wanted to be independent from his father’s financial support as soon as possible.

When they arrived at the restaurant, they all had to take a second to take in the place. Dustin whistled at the fancy entrance before being dragged into the eating area, the group finding a nice table just far away enough from Brandon and Eleven, but not too far that they couldn’t see their friend’s expression. Of course, Eleven noticed right away that they had arrived and gave them a confused look.

A waiter came by to deliver some menus. The moment their eyes saw the prices, Dustin pretended to faint as Lucas refused to be the one paying the bill.

“All of us have to pay,” Max complained.

Will looked worried, his eyes trying to find the cheapest plate to get.

“I’ll get yours,” Mike promised Will.

Will raised his head. “Really?”

Mike, who had yet looked away from Eleven’s date, nodded.

They behaved themselves throughout the entire dinner, sometimes making sneaky comments about Brandon and his failed attempts to grab Eleven's hand over the table. The girl was clearly aware of her friends' prying eyes, especially Mike's glaring one.

He wanted to stop himself from being mad. Really, he wanted. But it was hard. Eleven looked beautiful tonight, wearing a pink, soft skirt and a blue blouse. Her curly hair was done in a big braid. She even had a small flower-looking hair clip keeping together small pieces of hair that were too short for the braid.

He never asked her out, so it had to be his fault. Everyone at some point of the last four years had told Mike at least once: *Ask El out. She will say yes.* But he never did, too scared to lose her. Too scared she would not feel the same.

So what they had shared a few kisses before? Mike had been too much of a coward to ask her to be his girlfriend, so Eleven was indeed allowed to go on dates and kiss other boys.

Mike's entire body froze. Was she going to kiss Brandon Matthews tonight?

No, he couldn't handle that.

By the end of the night, Brandon paid for both his and Eleven's meal and they walked out of the restaurant. The gang followed as quick as possible, having to stand in line as they paid their meals individually. Will promised to pay Mike back, but the boy wouldn't have it ("Just invite me to go to your house eat and we'll call it even").

When they got outside, they found Eleven standing alone by the road, her arms crossed in front of her chest and tapping her right foot. Her eyes met Mike's and, from all the people present, he knew he was the one in trouble.

"What's wrong with you?" Eleven demanded to know.

"Well, El, you see-" Dustin started to say.

"Not you!" Eleven exclaimed. She pointed at Mike, sticking her finger in his blue sweater. "You! It's you I want to talk to!"

Feeling like they had just been released from some sort of punishment, everyone said their quick goodbyes and left the scene, hopping on to their bikes or, in Max's case, skateboard.

"We'll be down the road!" Dustin promised before wheeling away.

Mike's mouth hung open as he watched everyone flee. Then, his eyes turned to Eleven, who was still waiting for an answer. Mike gulped and decided to be brave.

"Nothing's wrong with me."

Eleven raised an eyebrow.

"Oh really? So, why was everyone spying on my date with Brandon?"

Hearing Eleven saying Brandon's name made Mike cringe. He rolled his eyes and stepped away from her, trying to put some distance between them.

"Why don't you ask the rest of them? Maybe they have better answers than me," Mike tried to excuse himself.

How did she know it was his fault they were there? Sure, Dustin had been the one to suggest it, but even Mike knew the gang only agreed to go after he freaked out about Max's question.

He wasn't jealous of Brandon.

He just wanted Eleven's attention to himself.

"No one has better answers than you," Eleven replied. She was trying to sound angry, but half of her voice came out weak, as if she were starting to get scared that Mike was pulling her away.

Mike didn't say anything at first, too busy staring at her, seeing how pretty she looked tonight... She always looked pretty, but this time it wasn't for him. On the other days, Mike could always daydream about the fact that Eleven chose that dress or those jeans or that hairstyle in order to look nice, first, for herself, and then for him (it was silly, yes, but it gave Mike stupid hope). Yet, tonight he couldn't imagine that. Eleven had got dressed up for Brandon.



“You look nice,” Mike found himself saying.

Eleven’s reaction wasn’t the one he expected. She frowned and looked down at herself. There was a bit of uncertainty and vulnerability in the way she squeezed her crossed arms around herself and looked away from him.

“Nice?” She repeated. “Just nice?”

“Y-yeah,” Mike stuttered. “Didn’t Brandon say anything about it?”

Eleven’s eyes froze on Mike’s face. There was a mix of feelings going through her eyes until she settled on anger.

“I don’t care about what he said,” she stated, suddenly angry. “I’m asking you, Mike!”

Mike was about to open his mouth to talk, but Eleven kept on going, “Why is it that you’re the one that is always there to explain things to me, but when it’s important, when it matters to me, to my heart, you refuse to be honest?!”

“I-“

“You what?!” Eleven spat out, waving with her arms at him. “Four years, Michael, four years since we first met, and here we are! I’m still waiting, Mike! When are you going to realize that?”

Mike blinked a few times, his brain taking in all the new information.

Eleven was waiting for him? Waiting for him to do what?

As soon as he thought the question, he realized the answer.

“Y-you... you like me?”

Eleven looked at him exasperated. She shortened the distance between them and raised her head to look him in the eyes.

“Everyone teases me about my jealousy and you don’t even see it?”

“I- I see it,” Mike muttered. “I just... I thought... It was friend-

jealousy.”

Eleven closed her eyes, all big, strong emotions that she had just been feeling suddenly gone, and all she could do was chuckle.

“Why are you laughing?” Mike asked, nervous.

Eleven opened her eyes and smiled at Mike.

“You’re the silliest boy ever.”

That night, four years after they first met, Mike Wheeler finally got the guts to ask Eleven out, not only on a date, but to be his girlfriend. Eleven threw herself at him, kissing him for the first time since they were fourteen.

The second time Mike Wheeler was truly, deeply jealous came in college, when Eleven first moved in to share a room with him in a flat where Dustin and a girl called Mandy also lived.

The first weeks of sharing a bed and a flat were magical to Mike and Eleven. It felt so good to wake up every day next to each other and fall asleep in each other’s arms. Usually, it was Mike that woke up first. He would make sure Eleven was comfortable and, with a kiss on her forehead, he would get up and go to the bathroom. He would start breakfast for the two of them; if he was feeling generous, he would prepare something for Dustin and Mandy too.

Eleven had been living with them for two months when, out of blue, flowers – red roses – started being delivered to their flat. All of them had a small card addressing Eleven, always complimenting her. The first time she got a bouquet of roses, she thought it had been a surprise for Mike (sometimes he could be a romantic, and she loved him for that), but, when her boyfriend got home and saw the flowers, he got confused. Then, after being explained the situation, he laughed.

“You got an admirer, babe?” He joked. For some reason, he hadn’t been bothered by the flowers. A small part of him actually believed it was someone they knew, like Lucas or Will, that had sent it to Eleven.

However, when the second delivery of flowers came, one week later, Mike was not amused by the situation, especially when he read the note (*Your eyes are the sweetest thing I've ever seen*). And, by the third set of flowers, he got mad and locked himself in the bedroom, studying.

Eleven and Mandy, who had also been home when the delivery boy rang the doorbell, shared a look.

"You gotta find out who is sending you those flowers," Mandy suggested.

Eleven sighed. She looked at the small note that came with these flowers: *I think you're the smartest girl on the planet*.

Who could it be? Most people from her course were girls, and the ones that were boys and that she had actually interacted with had shown no signs of being interested in her. Some of them even had girlfriends.

Eleven was rather confused with the situation, not knowing how to behave, what to think. She clearly had an admirer, someone who noticed her either in classes or in the hallways. But who?

Eleven put down the bouquet of flowers, which, like always, were red roses (that pissed Mike even more because they had a clear meaning), and went after Mike. She didn't bother knocking – it was her room as well, after all – and walked in on Mike laying on their bed, on his stomach, his face against the pillow.

"Are you breathing?" Eleven asked. She climbed to the bed and crawled her way up. Then, she laid down, resting one leg over her boyfriend's waist and placing an arm around his back.

Mike turned his head and opened one of his eyes.

"Unfortunately."

Eleven smiled softly at him. She started stroking his back while pulling her body closer to him, leaning in her head so their noses were touching.

“Don’t be upset,” she asked gently.

Mike tried to roll his eyes, but didn’t succeed as half of his face was smashed against the pillow.

“It’s easy for you to say that. You’re the one getting all those freaking flowers.”

Eleven frowned, confused.

“I’m not enjoying this,” she stated. Mike kept staring at her. “I’m serious, Mike. I don’t care about the flowers,” she added and leaned in to peck his lips.

Mike puckered his lips out, having expected more than a quick kiss. Eleven noticed it and leaned in to kiss him again, this time longer.

They breathed out from their noses at the same time and Eleven felt Mike turned his body, his arm going around her waist and pressing her chest against his. Their kiss was lazy, their lips playing with one another, and their tongues teasing.

They never got tired of this; of laying in bed with each other, kissing and cuddling. After years of being deprived of sharing a room all by themselves (Hopper always kept a close eye at the two teenagers whenever Mike went to visit Eleven, and Karen always wanted the couple to babysit Holly while she cooked or went shopping), being allowed to some privacy, in their own bedroom, in a bed that they shared, was amazing.

Moreover, Mike’s top favourite thing to do, since he was sixteen, was kissing Eleven. He was the only boy she had ever kissed, and she was the only girl he had ever kissed (or even wanted to kiss). Their lips knew only one another and were happily like that. Everything they knew about relationships, about kissed, about cuddles, about holding hands and sharing lover secrets, they learned with each other.

Sometimes, that scared Mike; Mike, who gladly accepted all Eleven’s attention all the time, was somehow afraid that she would grow tired of him.

After a while, they pulled back. Eleven smiled widely as she saw

Mike slowly opening his eyes and giving her his usual soft look; the one that always told her everything that he was feeling inside; the one filled with love.

“I want to kill him,” Mike confessed. “Whoever is sending you those flowers, I’m going to hurt him.”

Eleven chuckled.

“No, you are not.”

Mike sighed in frustration.

“Don’t you want to know who it is?”

Eleven shook her head.

Mike frowned.

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t care,” Eleven repeated. She touched Mike’s face, her fingers stroking his freckles. “Why would I want to know who some random guy is when I have you? I mean, what has he done that you haven’t? Send me flowers every week?” Eleven made a face. “Actually, it’s starting to get a bit... creepy.”

“Really creepy,” Mike agreed, making her laugh. “That’s why we have to find out who he is.”

Eleven rolled her eyes.

“You just want to try kick his ass.”

“Hey!” Mike sounded offended. “I’m pretty sure I can kick his ass, whoever he is.”

Eleven snorted and kissed his nose. “Yeah, sure thing, Mike.”

The next time the delivery boy came by, Mike demanded to know who was sending the flowers. The boy looked confused, saying he didn’t know. All he did was pick up the flowers at Mary’s flower shop

near the local supermarket. So, that was where Mike and Eleven went next.

“I can’t give you my clients’ personal information,” the florist said with her eyebrows furrowed.

“But it’s creepy!” Mike exclaimed. Wasn’t he making himself clear? “Someone is sending my girlfriend flowers every week. We’d like to know who that person is.”

The florist, a forty-year-old woman with blonde-dried hair, raised an eyebrow as her attention shifted to a quiet Eleven.

“Do you both want to really know?”

Mike was about to speak again, offended with the fact that the florist was actually giving him less credit than he deserved (and what kind of vibe was she actually sending him, like he was a bad boyfriend and that was why his girlfriend was getting flowers from an admirer?) but Eleven grabbed his hand, stopping him.

“Yes,” she answered the lady. “I would like to know too. I mean, whoever it is, he sees me quite often and knows where I live.”

They thought that would seal the deal, that the lady would tell them now who the secret admirer, but the florist just shrugged and said, “I still can’t break clients’ confidentiality.”

Eleven’s stared froze on the lady, all her facial expression disappearing as she concentrated on something.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang coming from the back of the store. The lady frowned, confused, and went to check on it.

Mike looked at his girlfriend and saw her cleaning blood from her nose quickly before she grabbed the florist’s notebook and flicked through it, looking for dates that could match the flowers’ delivery at their place.

“Oh, here,” Mike pointed at a name. “That’s our address!” His finger followed the written line until they got a name, “Henry Milles? Who’s Henry Milles?”

Eleven blinked, confused.

They suddenly heard the lady cursing and put the notebook back in its place. They left the flower shop before the florist showed up.

“Who is Henry Milles, El?” Mike asked again.

He could picture the guy; the asshole who was sending El – his El! – flowers every week. Was he charming? Yes. Was he smart? Sure. Was he-

“You’re jealous.”

Mike stopped his stream of thoughts. Eleven was looking at him with a tiny smile.

“Stop, Mike.”

“But El, I-“

“Henry is just... a kid.”

Mike frowned.

“A kid?”

“Yes. From the first floor.”

Mike’s frown deepened as he tried to remember all his neighbours. Suddenly, the image of a fourteen-year-old with blonde hair and glasses appeared in his mind. Henry Milles was the kid from the first floor who sometimes they looked after when his babysitter wasn’t available.

“I-“ Mike didn’t know how to finish the sentence.

Suddenly, Eleven was laughing. He stared at her, agape, for a few seconds before joining in, their laughs in complete sync.

Of course, after that, whenever they had to take care of Henry while his parents were away, Mike made sure to creep the boy out and keep him far away from Eleven. Most of time, he would be around Eleven,

keeping an arm around her, or kissing her on the cheek in front of the boy. It was like he was marking his territory.

“Are you a dog or something?” Eleven liked to joke.

“Yes,” Mike would answer with a serious expression despite being joking. “He has to go and find himself a girl his age.”

“Oh, Mike.”

Soon, the bouquet of roses stopped being delivered.

The third time Mike faced jealousy he almost lost Eleven.

There was this guy, okay? This guy whose name was Manson worked in the same floor as Eleven, who, after finishing her Speech and Language Therapy, had got a job offer at the hospital she had done her internship in; and this guy, Manson, had been too friendly with Eleven since day one. Because they started working there at the same time, Mike guessed. Or because Eleven had been the one to welcome him and show him around.

The guy was a physiotherapist, but looked more like one of those football players (Eventually, Mike found out he had got a scholarship thanks to his football high school career, which made him hate the guy even more): Manson was tall, dark-haired, large shoulders and had that kind of husky, sexy voice that only singers had. Like, girls would want to hear his voice non-stop every day forever. Or, at least, that was what one of Eleven’s colleagues told Mike at the first Christmas party he attended with his girlfriend. That was also when he met Manson.

The guy introduced himself to Mike with a handshake and then made some kind of joke that only he and Eleven understood and laughed. Mike felt left out, looking at his girlfriend like she had just stabbed him in the back.

Manson was an asshole. Well, no, not really; he was genuinely a nice guy. That was why Mike called him an asshole, and Eleven felt bad whenever he did that, or showed any kind of mistrust towards her colleague, because she liked Manson. Manson was a really nice co-



worker who ate lunch with her almost every day and usually took the same bus as she did to go home. He made her feel welcomed in a hospital full of snooping nurses.

“Just give him a shot, okay?” Eleven asked after Manson walked away.

Mike looked at his girlfriend. She was batting her eyes and giving him that adorable pout that he couldn’t resist.

Truth be told, there was a handful of people who were male that Eleven had actually got along with her entire life: Lucas, Will, Dustin, Jonathan and Steve. In Mike’s point of view, since he knew all them, they weren’t threats. They weren’t guys that would one day wake up and decide to hit on Eleven (especially Jonathan and Steve). Most of Eleven’s group projects had been with girls and the few times there had been a boy, Mike had known the boy; so yeah, Mike had a very deep and hidden fear: that Eleven would find out there are better guys out there.

“Mike, come one,” Eleven asked when she noticed he wasn’t answering. “Do it for me?”

He would do anything for her.

Giving in, Mike sighed and leaned down to kiss her. Eleven’s lips curled into a smile.

“Thank you,” she murmured against his mouth.

Mike smiled at her, his eyes sparkling with adoration for her. He would do anything for Eleven. His El.

Suddenly, the picture of the small box he had hidden in one of his jacket’s pockets came to his mind. He had bought the ring in a spontaneous moment, after he had had a great day at work (he was in the IT department at a museum) and felt like he could do anything. Buying that ring had been a huge step he took on his own and, sure, he had found himself feeling bad about it. He and Eleven talked about spending the rest of their lives together, but marriage was something else. Marriage was a paper, was a ceremony, was an

officialization. It was something they both had to agree on.

That was why he hadn't proposed yet.

What if Eleven didn't want that official bond with him? What if she grew tired of him? Finally, after all these years of putting up with nerd Mike Wheeler, she would finally move on to someone better. Someone like... Manson.

At some point of the party, Mike was left by the snack table talking to two nurses who he had no idea who they were (he was sure Eleven didn't know either, but she had gone to the bathroom a while ago and had yet come back) and taking slow sips of his champagne glass.

The nurses were going on about cuts and extra-shifts that killed them when suddenly one of them spotted something behind Mike and said with a smirk, "Oh, those two are going to fuck someday."

Mike turned around, confused, and, from all the people he could have seen, it was his girlfriend laughing at *Manson* that caught his attention. Her hand was touching the guy's arm and the asshole had this cheeky smile on his lips, like he knew he had conquered her.

"Oh, haven't they fucked yet?," the other nurse asked. "They are always laughing during lunch and wait for each other to leave work."

Mike clenched his chin, his teeth grinding.

"Doesn't she have a boyfriend or something?" He decided to play along, just to see if the two nurses realized he was Eleven's boyfriend.

But they didn't.

"Oh, she does? Well, who cares, right? Relationships end all the time," one of them said.

Then, the other added, "And if she has, poor guy. I'm sure someone saw them almost kissing a few weeks ago."

Mike left the party.

When he found himself outside the hospital, he took a deep breath,

letting in some fresh air into his nostrils. He sat down on a bench and tilted his head back, as if that was going to stop the tears from falling.

Someone saw Eleven almost kiss Manson.

Someone saw his girlfriend- fuck, not just his girlfriend, the love of his life almost kissing another guy.

This was it, eh?

It didn't take long for Mike to hear hurried steps approaching the street. Eleven showed up, her eyes moving like wild animals in the jungle as she tried to find him. When she finally saw him, she released a relieved breath and almost ran to him.

"Why are you outside?" She asked, sitting down next to him and grabbing his hands.

Mike's eyes were red, the tears demanding to be released. He pushed Eleven away and stood up, keeping his back to her.

"Mike?" Eleven called, worried. She stood up as well and approached him, one hand lingering over his back. "What's wrong?"

Mike pressed his eyes closed tightly.

Why was he like this?

Why did he always believe what other people said?

Why was he always so sure Eleven was going to leave him?

"Mike," Eleven called again.

He finally controlled his tears and looked at her. Of course, Eleven read him straightaway, noticing his eyes and his facial expression. He was in pain.

"Please," Mike started, "tell me the truth."

Eleven got confused. "What truth?"

“Jane?”

They both looked behind them. Manson was standing there, holding Eleven’s coat, which she clearly left behind when rushing out to look for her boyfriend.

Mike let out a cynical chuckle and shook his head.

“I need to go home.”

Eleven frowned.

“Okay, let me grab my coat-“

“You can stay if you want,” Mike stated dryly.

Eleven didn’t know how to react.

“I’m going home with you, of course.”

“Of course,” Mike repeated. He sniffed and looked away from her. “I’m going to find a taxi, then.”

He moved away from her, walking down the street until he found a small row of taxis parked. The taxi drivers were outside smoking and taking.

Eleven soon joined him and they got into the first taxi.

“Where to?” The taxi driver asked.

Eleven was the one that gave the address.

The journey home was a quiet one. Eleven knew when Mike needed time on his own, and Mike knew if he started talking, he would say things he didn’t want to in front of the taxi driver.

Maybe it was for the best, you know? Eleven leaving him for someone else; someone that could give her other kind of life.

And it was ironic, really, how their friends had always teased Eleven about her jealousy, but no one could see Mike’s biggest fear. It had stayed hidden for years, behind all the logic and good feelings he

had; all qualities that made him be Mike.

They should have talked about it a long time ago, but Mike never let it show; he never let Eleven see how scared he actually was of losing her. Not just losing her, but... watching her choose someone else over him.

When they got to the building they lived in, it was a bit past ten. After Mike's graduation, Eleven and he decided to move in together to a small one-room flat. It was nothing fancy, really, but they both loved it because it was cosy and warm. It felt like home.

But not tonight.

Tonight, as soon as they closed the flat's door, Eleven spoke, "What's wrong, Mike?"

Mike kept walking. He wasn't ready to talk, he wasn't ready to calm down and have a conversation that Eleven deserved.

"Michael Wheeler!"

Against his will, Mike froze on the spot. He felt Eleven using her power on him.

"Stop it," Mike asked.

"Talk to me, then."

There was a moment of silence in the small living-room of their flat. Then, Mike nodded. He felt his body go loose and turned around.

Eleven had dropped her coat on the floor and was now walking in his direction.

"Talk to me," she repeated, her big brown eyes filled with worry.

Mike swallowed some saliva and licked his bottom lip, buying himself some time.

"Mike, what truth?" Eleven suddenly remembered to ask. "What did you mean by it?"

"I-" Mike took a deep breath and his entire body shook. "You like Manson, don't you?"

Eleven was caught by surprise. She blinked, astonished, her mouth hanging open.

"What? Of course, I like him. He is a nice co-worker-"

"Not like that," Mike interrupted. "You like him more than that. More... more than me, don't you?"

Eleven's eyes went wide-opened.

"What?! Are you insane?!"

"They told me, El!" Mike exploded. "They told me you guys almost kissed!"

Eleven was complete baffled with his words. She stepped back.

"Who told you that?! Mike, they are lying!"

"Are they?" Mike asked. "Because I don't know, El."

He wasn't even hearing the words coming out of his mouth. He wasn't even aware of the accusations he was making.

"You guys spend all the time together. You always smile when you talk about him. You- You-"

"I what?" Eleven challenged. "What else do I do, Mike?!"

But there wasn't anything else to say.

"You clearly need some time on your own, don't you?!" Eleven suggested.

Mike opened his mouth to say something, but Eleven cut him off, "Well, you can fucking sleep on the sofa."

Before locking herself in their bedroom, Eleven made sure to throw Mike his pyjamas. He grabbed them, feeling a bit numb, and returned to the living-room.

The sofa was crap. No position was comfortable enough for him to fall asleep. His mind was working miles per second, Eleven's angry face showing up out of blue as a reminder that things were fucked up. He had fucked things up.

*Well, at least now you know why she is going to leave.*

*Fuck, stop it, Wheeler.*

It was four in the morning and Mike had yet fallen asleep. He wanted to check in on El, but wasn't sure she had left the door open, or if it was actually a good idea.

He couldn't wait to tell his parents, especially his father, how he had ruined it all with El. *I fucked it up, Dad. You were always so sure I wasn't good enough for her, now here it is.* The speech would be the same for Hopper.

Mike suddenly remembered Eleven's giggle. The first time Mike ever told Eleven that her giggle was cute, she couldn't stop giggling afterwards, and that had made Mike so happy. Her giggle was like a song he would never grow tired of.

He liked hair too. It was the softest thing he ever touched.

Her eyes were two brown pools of kindness and loyalty.

The way she loved people was too good for this world; for the people that she loved.

*"I'm so used not to have to explain to people who you are to me that... that I didn't explicitly told her that you were my girlfriend when I introduced you guys. I... I just assume people know, you know? That you are mine and I'm yours,"* Mike had once told Eleven, after she had had a burst of jealousy about a girl from his course. He didn't mind – actually, loved it – to calm his girlfriend down when she felt jealous or scared about their relationship. Because it was cute. She was cute and she had nothing to worry about. Mike would never, ever, leave her.

Suddenly, the wood squeaked.

Mike sat up straight and stared at the living room's small entrance.

Eleven showed up, wearing one of his old t-shirts and nothing else. Her hair was wrapped in a messy pony-tail and her eyes, as he noticed after she came closer to him, were red. She had been crying.

"El," Mike murmured, hurt.

She sat down on the edge of the sofa, her face tilted down and her hands intertwined over her lap.

"Why?" She asked.

Mike blinked.

"Why what?"

"Why don't you talk to me before letting whatever it's hurting you explode?" Eleven raised her head and looked at him with sorrow. "Why?"

Mike thought about his answer.

"I... I don't know how to handle it, the jealousy. I... I'm always so sure you are going to leave me that I don't think straight or calm myself down before jumping to conclusions and-"

"Mike."

Mike looked at his girlfriend.

"I love you," El said. "I've loved you for thirteen years now. That's... more than half of my life. How can you think I'm going to leave you?"

Mike sat up straighter on the sofa. "I... I don't know... I... I... I..."

Eleven stopped Mike from talking by standing up and then moving to sit on his lap, one leg on each side of his body. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a tight hug.

Mike reacted by hugging back, burying his face on her neck and



taking deep breaths. She smelled like peaches. Why did she smell like peaches?

Oh, the shampoo she had bought.

“I never almost kissed Manson. He never even tried to kiss me,” Eleven said, her mouth near his ear. “He likes this doctor from the fourth floor, and tonight he told me how he had asked her out and she said yes.” Eleven pulled back, grabbed his face with both hands and made him look at her. “Manson’s great, but he’s not the guy for me. No guy is the guy for me, Mike. Only you are. Whenever I get jealous, you are there to make sure you are not going away. I’m here to do the same for you, okay?”

Unable to speak, Mike nodded non-stopping until Eleven smiled and leaned in to kiss him.

What was supposed to be an innocent kiss grew passionate and hungry quickly. Mike’s hands found their way under Eleven’s t-shirt and she shivered, the contrast of his cold hands on her warm back getting a reaction from her. But it was nice. Everything felt nice with Mike.

Eleven pulled back for a second, wanting to say something, but Mike didn’t let her, pulling her in for another kiss.

Soon, she was on her back on the sofa, Mike hovering over her, his hands teasing her body and his mouth keeping her from moaning too loud.

“I love you,” Mike whispered against her lips. Eleven gripped his hair and he bit her bottom lip in return.

“I love you too.”

It was six in the morning, the sun rising outside, when Mike and Eleven finally fell asleep on the bed, naked, their legs tangled together, her back against his chest.

The alarm rang at ten in the morning.

Mike groaned and turned around to get to the bedside-table and shut

the alarm clock off. Before he managed to do it, the alarm went quiet. He opened his eyes and looked at the other side of the bed, where Eleven was laying on her stomach, eyes opened and a smirk on her lips.

“Morning,” she muttered.

Mike turned his body back to her and wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Morning,” he said back before kissing the corner of her lips.

“Are you feeling better?” Eleven asked.

Mike felt shame. His eyes flickered away for a second.

“Yes,” he answered. “I’m sorry.”

Eleven shook her head. She turned to her side and slid her way closer to Mike, who stretched out his arm for her to rest her head on.

“Don’t be sorry. We just... need to talk, right? Friends don’t lie...”

“And boyfriends and girlfriends neither,” Mike finished the thought.

Eleven smiled at him, happy. He closed the distance between them and kissed her gently.

Suddenly, the image of the squarish box inside one of his coats’ pockets came to his mind. Mike pulled back.

“If I do something crazy right now, will you accept it?”

Eleven frowned, taken by surprise. Then, she relaxed and nodded.

“As long as it’s something crazy I get to do with you, yes.”

Mike kissed her one last time before leaping out of the bed. He grabbed his underwear and put it on before walking up to the wardrobe. He opened it and looked around in his coats’ pockets until he found what he was looking for.

He got back to the bed, one hand behind his back. Eleven sat up,

pulling the sheet up with her to cover herself up. She looked at Mike, confused.

“What is it?”

Mike licked his lips, nervous.

“I love you, okay? I love you more than anything and I know, okay?, I know that last night I was stupid, super stupid, and I’m sorry. I’m sorry I believed in two snooping nurses instead of talking to you; instead of telling you earlier that Manson’s presence actually upset me, and not only make mean comments about it. But... this is it, right? You are mine and I am yours. Right?”

Eleven nodded excitedly. Mike’s smile grew as his confidence got bigger.

“I... I know we never talked about it, but... we have talked about being together forever, so-“ Mike took his arm from behind him and opened the squarish box. Eleven’s mouth fell open as she saw the silver ring with a tiny blue stone in it – “You don’t have to be a Wheeler, you don’t have to bound down to whatever fucking rules my mom or dad say they want for our wedding or marriage, you don’t even have to accept, but... at least, the offer is here: El, will you marry me?”

“Yes!”

It was like seeing fireworks. Eleven leaned in to kiss him and then stretched out her hand for him to put the ring on.

It was like eating your favourite food. Mike called in, telling his boss he was sick and had to spend the day at home.

It was like finding the love of your life in the rain and just know your life would never be the same. Mike and Eleven spent the day in bed, ordering in food when they got hungry. They talked about everything and nothing. Mike talked about his biggest fear with her, apologized for not saying anything earlier, and Eleven understood. She always understood him.

“And Mike?” Eleven said at some point of the day.

“Yes, babe?”

“I want to be a Wheeler.”

**Author's Note:**

Kudos & Comments make my day!